"S' MATTER, POP?"



THE DESTROYING ANGEL

ME WUTH

HITHUH

By Louis Joseph Vance

HEY! WHAT'S ALL THIS

IF YOU CANT GET BACK OUT?

HOW THE SAM HILL DID A EGG NEST HOLE IN THE FIRST PLACE

YAPPIN' ABOUT?

RAGGING a pillow beneath it, h let her down again. "Good," he said in accents meant to be enheartening; "you'll be all right in a moment Her colorless lips moved in a whispe he had to bend close to distinguish.

CHAPTER III .- (Continued.)

"Please--" "Yes?" "Please don't-call anybody in-"I wont, Don't worry."

"I wont. Don't waters."

The lids quivered down over her eyes and her mouth was wrung with angulsh.

He stared, perplexed.
He wanted to go away quickly, but he couldn't get his own consent to do so just yet.

She was in no condition to be left alone, this delicate and fragile child, defenseless and beset.

It seemed easy to conjecture the hell of suffering she must have passed through before coming to a strait of such desperation.

There were dull blue shadows beneath eyes red with weeping, a forlorn twist to her thin, bloodless lips, a pinched look of wretchedness like a glaze over her unhappy face, that told too plain a story.

"He won't be known, so registered as Hugh Morten. They mistook me for your husband. Do you mind telling me how long it is since you've had anything to eat?"

She told him: "Last night."

He suffered a sense of shame only second to her own to see the dull flush that accompanied her reply.

His fingers itched for the throat of C. W. Morton, chauffeur. Happily, a knock at the door distracted him. Opening it no wider than necessary to communicate with the bell-boy, he gave him an order for the kitchen, together with an incentive to speed the service. Closing the door he swung round to find the girl had got to her feet. "He won't be long—" Whitaker be-

her unhappy face, that told too plain

a story.

A strange girl to find in a plight like her, he thought; not pretty, but quite her, he thought; not pretty, but quite unusual, delicate, sensitive, high-strung, bred to the finer things of life. This last was self-evident in the fine

This last was self-evident in the fine simplicity of her severely plain dress. Over her hair, drawn tight down round her head, she wore one of those knitted motor caps which were the fashion of the day.

Her shoes were still wet and a triffe muddy, her coat and skirt a triffe more than damp, indicating that she had returned from a dash to the drug store not long before Whitaker had arrived.

A variety of impressions, these with others less significant, crowded upon his perceptions in little more than a giance.

For suddenly nature took her in hand; she twisted upon her side, as if to escape his regard, and covered her face, her palms muffling deep, tearing sobs, while waves of pent-up misery racked her slender little body.

Whitaker moved softly away.

Difficult he found it to guess what to do; more difficult still to do nothing.

Whitaker moved softly away.

Difficult he found it to guess what to do: more difficult still to do nothing.

His nerves were badly jangled; light-footed, he wandered restlessly to and fro, half distracted between the storm of weeping that boat gustly within the room and the deadly, blind drum of the downpour upon the tin roof beyond the windows.

"He—Charley—drove me over to Greenport, and I took the ferry there and came here to wait for him. He went back to New York in the car, promising to join me here as soon as possible—"

"And he didn't come?" Whitaker

since that twilight hour in that tawdry hotel chamber no one had ever been able to counterfeit sorrow and remorse to Whitaker. He listened then to the very voice of utter woe.

Once, pausing by the center-table, he happened to look down.

He saw a little heap of the hotel writing paper, together with envelopes, a pen, a bottle of ink.

Three of the envelopes were sealed and superscribed, and two were stamped. The unstamped letter was addressed to the proprietor of the Commercial House. Whitaker nodded at this as if to an acquaintance; he had expected something of the sort.

Of the others, one was directed to am f. C. W. Morton, in care of another person, at a number on lower Sixth avenue, New York; and from this Whitaker began to understand the singular manner of his introduction to the wrong room. There's no great difference between Morton and Morten, especially if written carciessly.

But the third letter caused his eyes to widen considerably. It bore the name of Thurlaw Ladisias, Esq., and a Wall street office address.

Whitaker's mouth shaped a still-born whistle.

He was recalling with surprising distinctness the fragment of dialogue he had absorbed with inattentive ears, the previous afternoon, when he waited for the elevator just outside the grillroom of his club.

CHAPTER IV

CHAPTER IV. Mrs. Whitaker.

E lived through a long, bad quarter-hour, his own tense nerves twanging in sympathy with the girl's sobbing - like telegraph wires singing in a gale-before he ventured again to approach her.

In the interval his mind was busy with many thoughts—thoughts strangely new and compelling, wearing a fresh comuplexion that lacked altogether the coloring of self-interest.

He mixed a week draft of brandy and water, and returned to the bedside.

water, and returned to the bedside.
The storm was passing in convulsive gasps, even more wiely spaced, but still the girl lay with her back to him.
"If you'll sit up and try to drink this," he suggested quietly, "I think you'll feel a good deal better."
Her shoulders moved spasmodically; otherwise he saw no sign that

therwise he saw no sign that she "Come-please," he begged gently.

"Come-please," he begged gently.

She made an effort to rise, sat up on
the bed, dabbed at her eyes with a sodden wisp of handkerchief, and groped
blindly fo rthe glass.

He offered it to her lips.

"What is it?" she whispered hoarsely.
He spoke of the mixture in disparaging terms as to its potency, until at
length she consented to swallow it—
teeth chattering on the rim of the tumhier.

The effect, was quickly apparent in the color that came into her cheeks, faint

but warm.

He avoided looking directly at her, however, and cust around for the bell tush, which he presently found on the wall near the head of the bed. She moved quickly with alarm.
"What are you going to do?" she de-manded in a stronger voice.

"Order you something to eat," he said. "No-please don't object. You need food, and I mean to see you get it before I leave you."

"I beg your pardon. I didn't hean to "I beg your pardon. I beg

If she thought of protesting, the measured determination in his manner deterred her.

After a moment she asked:
"Please—who are you?"
"My name is Whitaker," he said—
"Hugh Mortos Whitaker."

"My name is Whitaker," he said—
"Hugh Morton Whitaker,"
She repeated the name aloud.
"Haven't I heard of you? Aren't you engaged to Alice Carstairs?"
"I'm the man you mean," he said quietly, "but I'm not engaged to Alice Carstairs."
"Oh!" Perplexity clouded the eyes

"Oh!" Perplexity clouded the eyes that followed closely his every movement. "How did you happen to—to find me here?"

"He won't be long—" Whitaker began vaguely.
"I want to tell you something." The girl faced him bravely, though he refused the challenge of her tormented eyes. "I—I have no husband."

He bowed gravely.
"You're so good to me—" she continued brokenly.
"Oh—nothing! Let's not talk about that now."

Since that twilight hour in that tawdry wound up for her when she hesitated. "And he didn't come?" Whitaker

"Oh, please!" he begged with his odd, twisted smlle. She submitted, head drooping and eyes

downcast. downcast.

He returned to his window, rather wishing that he had thought to order for himself as well as for the girl; for it was suddenly borne strongly in upon him that he himself had had little enough to eat since dinner with Peter Stark

He lighted a cigarette by way of dulling his appetite, and then let it smolder to ashes between his fingers, while he lost himself in profound speculation in a painstaking analysis of the girl's position.

position.
Subconsciously he grew aware that the storm was moderating perceptibly, the sky breaking.
"I've finished," the girl announced at

length. "You're feeling better?" "Stronger, I think."
"Is there anything more—"
"If you wouldn't mind sitting down."
She had twisted her armchair away

from the table.

Whitaker took a seat a little distance from her, with a keen glance appraising the change in her condition and inding it not so marked as he had

Still, she seemed measurably more sed and mistress of her emotions, though he had to judge her mostly by her voice and manner, so dark had it grown in the room.

Through the shadows he could see lit-

tie more than masses of light and shade-blocking in a slender figure huddled in the big, dllapidated chair—the pallid oval of her face an the darkness

of her wide, intent eyes.
"Don't," she cried sharply. "Please don't look at me so"—
"I beg your pardon. I didn't mean

"I think you are rather fortunate," he said slowly.
"Fortunate" H eshivered a little with the chill bitterness of her cry.
"You've had a narrow but a wonderful lucky escape." "Oh! But I'm not glad. I was desperate"—
"I mean," he interrupted cooly, "from Mr. Morton. The silver lining is, you're not married to a blackguard."
"Oh, yes, yes!" she agreed passionately.

WAIT TILL I GET THE

HAMMER AND HAILS.

I'LL BET YOU WONT

GET BACK IN THERE

AGAIN

ately. "And you have youth, health, years of life before you."

He sighed inaudibly.
"You wouldn't say that if you under-

with than youth and health and the right to live."
"But-how can I live? What am I to

do?"
"Have you thought of going home?"
"It isn't possible."
"Have you made sure of that? Have you written to your father—explained?"
"I sent him a special delivery three days ago, and—and yesterday a telegram. I knew it wouldn't do any good, but I—I told him everything. He didn't answer. He won't ever."

Continuation of This Story Will Be Found In Tomorrow's Janue of The Times,

Member of Medical and Civic Seventh Day Adventists **Bodies Was Graduated From** Georgetown University.

Dr. James A. Watson, Anacostia physician, and member of medical and civic bodies of the District, is celebrating his fifty-seventh birthday to day. Dr. Watson is a native of Stafford county, Va., and came to the District in 1876. He became connected with the Gov

ernment Hospital for the Insane, passed through all the positions there as nurse, chief supervisor, clerk and pharmacist, and studied medicine at night. He graduated from the Na-tional College of Pharmacy, of Wash-ington, in 1883, and occupied the chair of analytical chemistry later. He graduated from the Georgetown Medical School in 1890, since which time he has been practicing medicine continuously. He held two commis-sions under Grover Cleveland, one as

O LOWER

COCOST OF LIVING

Corps.

He has been one of the vice presidents of the Medical Society of the District, president of the Anacostia Citizens' Association, public speaker at various functions and a physician to the poor of the District. Congratula-tions have been numerous today for Dr. Watson from the citizens of the

Organ Sales \$375,000

Sales of the official organ of the Seventh Day Adventists, printed at the enomination's headquarters in Takoma Park, amounted to upwards of \$35,000 during the year of 1912, according to reports made at the double session of the Review and Herald Publishing Association held yesterday at Takoma

Park.

The morning session was given to the address of welcome by the president of the association, F. M. Wilcox, and to the reading of reports from agents in different sections of the country. The afternoon session was devoted to the passing on the reports and nominations of officers. W. T. Knox, G. B. Thompson, C. S. Longacre, and H. R. Salisbury were elected to fill the vacant offices of trustees.

Lina Peeved.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—Because he re-fused to allow her to sing from the city hall steps, Mme. Lina Cavalleri called ieutenant in the Anacostia Rifles, the Mayor Gaynor a "horrid old geezer."

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Picnic Shoulders, desirable

Sugar-cured Boneless Break-

fast Bacon-

Gambrill's Patapsco Flour-

other as a surgeon in the Ambulance Corps. He has been one of the vice presidents of the Medical Society of the TO SOLDIERS' HOME

Robert Simpson, Who Found Unconscious Beside Body of Dead Wife.

and Treasury watchman who was found ill and unconscious beside the dead body of his wife a month ago, was taken yesterday to the Soldiers' Home, where he probably will remain for the balance of nis life. Mr. Simpson has been under are of a number of Treasury officials, leaded by Captain of the aWtch Cohaugh since the day when police officials broken down the door of the Simpson home, 717 Twenty-second street, and found the body of the dead woman and the unconscious form of her husband. Relatives of Mrs. Simpson are expected here today and they will witness the

interment of her body in a cemetery. These relatives are Henry Williams, of Accokeep, and Mrs. Cox, of Pomunkey.

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and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

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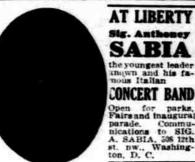
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